Dressed to relax

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Dressed to relax

by Silvaxus

Summary

16. **Shibari** / Hot Dogging / Uniforms

Their lives were fast and stressful and while Will learned to handle this so much better than he used to, sometimes he needed Hannibal's help to let go.

Notes

My Beta for this fic is my friend and sister in trouble Imoshen

See the end of the work for more notes

It had been a stressful week, for both of them.

One victim followed the next and Jack had dragged Will from one crime scene to the next. When they finally found the killer, Will was mentally drained, had lost a few pounds and looked more like a ghost of himself.

Only when Hannibal pointed this out to Jack in his doctor voice as Will liked to call it, did the FBI agent notice how drained Will looked.

With a rude comment, Jack had dismissed Will but expected him back on track within the next couple of days. Hannibal felt the urge to tell Jack off and that, should Hannibal see the need to take Will off duty for medical reasons, he would do it in a heartbeat.

Only Will's question if Hannibal could get him home stopped him from acting on this impulse.

They drove to Will's house in silence with Will somewhere between sleep and awake.

Once there, Will took care of the dogs in an almost dream-like state while Hannibal packed a few of Will's things. There was no way Hannibal was going to let Will be on his own after such a case.

That Will was refusing to speak, even while tending the dogs was bothering Hannibal.

The drive back to Baltimore was equally silent with Will drifting in and out of a restless sleep.

When they were finally inside of Hannibal's warm rooms, Will looked lost and shivered.

Sighing, Hannibal helped Will out of his coat and pulled him against his chest. Will was one tense line of muscles between Hannibal's arms...and he was shivering even harder now that he was pressed against Hannibal's chest.

Waiting for Will to calm down was like telling a storm to not turn the sea into a raging beast and with a kiss to Will's forehead, Hannibal pulled back.

"Go and take a shower, darling. I will prepare a light meal and I will help you sleep afterwards. You are in no condition to stay awake and I know you well enough to know that you won't sleep on your own."

Will rubbed his face with his hands and nodded. He gave Hannibal a tired smile and vanished after a quick kiss to Hannibal's lips.

Leaving Will to his shower, Hannibal prepared a light sandwich and mixed a light dose of sleeping pills into a glass of OJ.

Both were waiting for Will when he walked out of the bathroom and into their bedroom.

Will ate slowly white sitting naked on their bed and normally Hannibal wouldn't allow something like this but there were always times to make exceptions of certain rules.

"Hannibal?"

It was the first time Will addressed him after they had left the crime scene hours ago.

"Yes, darling?"

The smile on Will's face was small and tired but it reached his beautiful blue eyes. He drank his OJ down to the last drop.

"Can we play after I wake up? Something relaxing would be nice."

Taking plate and glass from Will, Hannibal put both things aside and cupped Will's face with his hand while looking down at him.

"As you wish, my darling. I will prepare everything while you sleep."

Will's eyes were already dropping but he made a happy sound when Hannibal tugged him in. The second Will's head hit the pillow, he was dead to the world.

Allowing himself a moment of weakness, Hannibal let his fingers wander through Will's still damp hair. Weeks had passed since the fateful night of Will's phone call and they had only crossed more bridges since then.

Checking the time, Hannibal calculated the time until Will would wake up again. Hannibal had a few hours to himself and he would make good use of them.

Hours later…

Hannibal had taken care of a few things, showered and was now waiting for Will to wake up. He had just the right idea in mind to make sure Will got his wish fulfilled.

Waiting for Will to wake up made Hannibal's skin crawl with excitement but he pushed the feeling back into a corner of his mind while listening to the soft scratching sound his pencil made on the thick paper of his artbook.

He knew that Will was about to wake up when the pattern of his breathing changed and became faster.

Smiling, Hannibal didn't stop working on the sketch and when a soft moan broke the silence of their bedroom and Hannibal looked, up he saw Will looking down at him.

While Will had slept deeply because of the medication he had taken, Hannibal had tied up Will's whole body with long , silken strips.

His arms were bound tight to the bed frame but at an height that made sure he wouldn't lose all feeling in them. The next bindings built a collar around Will's neck only for the silk to go lower and follow the strong lines of his chest. Every dip of his ribcage was covered in silk.

More silk was used to tie Will's legs to the bed frame and with an artful criss-crossing pattern, Hannibal had tied up Will's balls tightly without hurting his beloved. While Hannibal was working on Will, his lover had reacted to Hannibal's touches.

Will got hard between Hannibal's fingers while Hannibal was wrapping the silk around Will's balls. Giving in when another thought crawled up from the depth of his mind, Hannibal had added Will's beautiful cock into the picture he was creating on Will's skin.

The bindings made sure Will stayed hard and couldn't reach his orgasm until Hannibal took the silk off.

After Hannibal had taken a look at the shibari harness he had created to give Will a net to fall into, he reached into the drawer next to the bed. They had used several toys in their plays but never like this with one of them not awake to agree to it.

After considering his options for a few minutes, Hannibal decided to follow his path of thinking.

Reaching between Will's legs with lube covered fingers, Hannibal worked Will carefully and slowly open.

Minutes later, Hannibal lathered a vibrator with lube and pushed it into Will's carefully stretched hole.

Taking the remote control for the vibrator from the drawer, Hannibal sat down in the chair he had prepared to watch Will from after he had stripped himself out of his clothes.

While he waited for Will to wake up, Hannibal started to draw Will as the beautiful art that he was at the moment.

When Will finally woke up, soft gasps and low moans, Hannibal paused his pencil and reached for the remote. He switched the vibrator on to the lowest setting and the sigh that left Will's lips was almost like a salvation.

"Good morning, Will."

Will sighed again and opened his eyes while he let his body relax into the bindings of the harness.

"Hello, Hannibal. Whatever you gave me really knocked me out if you managed to get me set up like this."

“You were tired and drained, mentally and physically, and needed time to sleep. You asked me for something relaxing and I thought this would be the right setup. No way to move away but you can lean back into the bindings and just enjoy. The pleasure of shibari.”

Will closed his eyes and leaned his head back. His cock jerked in the silken bindings.

“This is...different but enjoyable. I would like a harder setting, please.”

Following Will’s wish, Hannibal chuckled at the full body jerk when the toy was now working with more strength inside Will’s body.

“The harness prevents you from ejaculation, Will. I have to take parts off before you can enjoy your orgasm.”

Will nodding and looked at Hannibal with hooded eyes.

“I know but...I like this. Knowing that I can let myself fall into the abyss, floating on a wave of pleasure without reaching the peak of the wave. It’s a different pleasure but nevertheless enjoyable.”

Observing Will’s reaction, Hannibal gave Will another setting of the vibrator and Will’s moan was more beautiful than any opera could be. There was nothing but pleasure on Will’s face.

“You are enjoying this...the edge of pleasure without feeling the blade sliding into your flesh.”

Will licked his lips tauntingly before he answered.

“Yes, you make the edge of the blade sharp and sometimes painful but...there is freedom in it, letting you control the blade.”

Putting his sketchbook aside, Hannibal held the remote in his hand and joined Will on the bed, climbing into Will’s lap.

Will looked up at Hannibal with a dreamy smile while his body jerked now and then.
“Thank you for telling me, Will. We can go deeper into your desire for edging later...for now, I have different plans.”

Opening a simple knot, Hannibal opened a part of the harness before he lined Will’s cock up with his hole, already prepared to take Will in.

Will moaned before he cursed when Hannibal’s weight forced the vibrator deeper into Will’s hole and there was no doubt that it had to feel like a jackhammer.

Hannibal’s own sounds of pleasure at being filled were almost drowned out by Will when Hannibal used the remote to flip the vibrator to its highest setting.

Will’s body tensed, muscles straining and his scream a sonata of its own.

End Notes

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